

The Last of a Professional Duelist.
"I was standing here yesterday afternoon," said De Vinne Nicklin, down in the Bowers, "wondering how many tons of swords and pistols and the like I had stacked up in the back of my shop, when a slender figure, robed in black and thickly veiled, entered the door and laid upon the show-case in front of me an ebony case containing the finest pair of flint-lock dueling pistols I ever saw. Convinced with sobs, the lady in black, who drew aside her veil to let me see that she was of transcendent beauty managed to inform me that the pistols which I saw before me were the last and most sacred relic of a once princely fortune that had belonged to her husband. He was a 'professional duelist,' she said, but had been out of work for a long time and was utterly unable to find employment on Manhattan Island. One by one his black coats and beautiful gray trousers—implements of his art—had been pawned, and now there was nothing left but the baby and the pistols. They had prayed for heavenly direction in their decision as to which of these they should hypothecate, and although her heart misgave her sorely as to the result, her good husband had finally decided that the pistols should be 'spotted.' They were something in the nature of a family Bible to her, she said, because the birthday of her infant boy, the date of her marriage and other interesting domestic events had been neatly nixed with a bowie-knife in the ivory handles of their beautiful weapons. In the little silver-clasped cavity, always provided in the butt of dueling pistols for caps and the like, she had instead been accustomed to keep a lock of hers and her husband's hair, neatly intertwined. I bought the pistols from her, of course, being much moved by her suffering, and she left me with a bright smile upon her face, promising, when these funds ran out, that she would bring 'round the baby.'—New York Recorder.

DO YOU READ

The testimonials published in behalf of Hood's Sarsaparilla. They are reliable and as worthy of confidence as if they came from your most trusted neighbor. They prove

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures



I Was Given Up

To die, having malaria fever so badly there seemed to be no cure. I came at last and began to take Hood's Sarsaparilla. At once began to get better. At that time I had no appetite and severe headaches. Hood's Sarsaparilla has completely cured me of malaria and headaches. It is also a great help to my stomach, a general blood purifier and an excellent spring medicine." OLIVER LALONE, Glens Falls, N.Y.

Hood's Pills Cure Sick Headache. 20 cents.



SHILOH'S CATARRH
Have you Catarrh? This remedy is guaranteed to cure you. Price 50 cents. Mail order free.

"MOTHER'S FRIEND"

is a scientifically prepared Liniment and harmless; every ingredient is of recognized value and in constant use by the medical profession. It shortens Labor, Lessens Pain, Diminishes Danger to life of Mother and Child. Book "To Mothers" mailed free, containing valuable information and voluntary testimonials. Sent by express, charges prepaid, on receipt of price. \$1.50 per bottle. **BRADFORD REGULATOR CO., Atlanta, Ga.** Sold by all druggists.



The following tribute to **DANA'S Sarsaparilla** was sent me by Mrs. M. J. Ferguson, of the well-known "GROOM'S PHARMACY," 129 Congress St., Troy, N.Y.:
"GENTLEMEN:—I have been troubled with LIVER COMPLAINT, CONSTIPATION and STOMACH DYSPEPSIA for a long time. I employed the best Doctors in the city; they told me

Old Chronic Complaints
were hard to cure. Their medicine did me no good. I stopped taking it and bought a bottle of **DANA'S Sarsaparilla**. Before I had taken half of it I felt better. I have taken three bottles of it.

DANA'S Sarsaparilla!
and am better than for years. IT HAS DONE WONDERS FOR ME. I can eat anything I want and it does not distress me in the least.
Yours truly,
Troy, N.Y. MRS. M. J. FERGUSON.
DANA Sarsaparilla Co., BELFAST, ME.

For Sale, Minn. and Coon Prices; we pay the highest market price for all kinds of raw furs. Send a stamp for our price list. Chas. Dwyer & Co., 217 to 235 W. 54 St., New York, N.Y.

WILD DUCKS.

HAUNTS AND HABITS OF THESE WARY BIRDS.

There Are Many Varieties—Some Generally Found Inland, While Others Frequent the Sea Coast—Hints For Hunters.

SOME ducks are cosmopolitan—others only so by spells. So extensive is their migration that many are common to four continents. The mallard is the same on both sides of the Atlantic—monogamous everywhere except in contact with man.
So, too, the gadwall, spoonbill and a few others are common to all the regions of the Northern Hemisphere, but while the hooded merganser, the golden eyes, the three little teals and the buffhead make their homes with us they are sometimes projected by their swift flights like missiles on foreign coasts. The English teal is likewise occasionally found on our shores. The wood duck, however, the redhead and the scaup are ours, along with the ringneck and the ruddy. We have, too, as American widgeon, and of course the canvasback is one of "our institutions."



ON THE CREEK BANK.

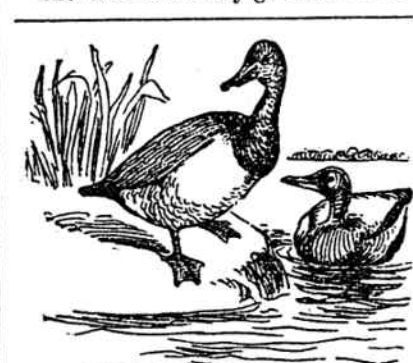
The species mentioned are those most generally found inland. Many an old hunter has not seen all of these. But there are others that frequent the seacoasts exclusively, that struggle to us sometimes in passing. While all pass in the fall on the way South and afford good shooting at well known but limited haunts, it is mostly in the wake of the warm spring rain and on the south spring wind that ducks come to us everywhere. The earth then is keeping open house for them. Large swamps that were dry in autumn are flooded now to the proper depth, and little pools are strident with the screech of frogs and other wriggling things that ducks delight in.

This, too, is the stimulant season. In the blotchy patches in the sky, the squawk and quack and wing swishes that float the air, there is a larger hope ahead than a larger or a couch. Ducks have come, are coming, are everywhere. Any one that can pull trigger can bag them. The "hardpan" ponds, those dams afford such sure approach, the narrow prairie runs, the sloughs and deep cuts of the wooded creeks, the stalk field furrows, the very way-side puddles are dotted. Everywhere are skulking, creeping figures of men and splashing steps, and lumbago and rheumatism find food and lodging all over the land.

Where are the ducks from?
The mallard, that prince of inland ducks, just spreads himself during the colder months from Labrador to Panama, reveling anywhere that ice remains unformed, beating about with the low storm centres. The pintail keeps his company, with a penchant for Cuba when it is very frigid here, while the black duck acts very like them both over a space much farther east. So, too, the gadwall, but the baldpates, spoonbills, scaups and most others hail from Mexico, the West Indies and Central America, and come up from a feast on the Southern lagoons for love and a new suit of clothes on the Northern lakes to the music of the melting ice crash.

The blue wing teal goes farther south than the green wing. It is the greater traveler of the two—in fact, it has perhaps the swiftest wing among webfoot birds. These are apt to be a little late because they have been so far away. The mergansers, too, come up as the crawling things loose their hold upon the slimy bottoms—for they are animal feeders exclusively—true fish ducks. The sea ducks, too, are apt to be a little late for the same reason. But many of them make a mixed meal, and our canvasback is a fond of Potomac celery that is rather loath to leave the limits of our territory.

The wood duck may go South some-



CANVASBACKS.

times as the ice holes close up, but he is generally with us, and you may often scare him with the tinkling of your skates.

Where are they after they do come? Why, when abundant, almost anywhere, as I have said, but when scarce you want to know their pet regions. They have them, I assure you. It is largely a matter of local experience, and if the country is strange to you a guide will be an essential of success. On each side of the writer, only a mile away, is a creek, but on one ducks are often plenty, while not a feather is to be found on the other. But generally rich muddy shallows full of grass roots or crustaceous creatures, haunts of the spring frogs, rice or celery fields, bottom woods, rich in acorn or beach mast, or even the cornfields, and at times the upland growing wheat, contain them.

In all these ducks are hard to approach. Cold, blistery days, with a thread of snow, are apt to drive them to the wooded streams, where they

huddle against the lee bank, or the high north bank of some prairie pool may furnish them a haven. In all regions they will have their favorite roosting lakes, to which they are much

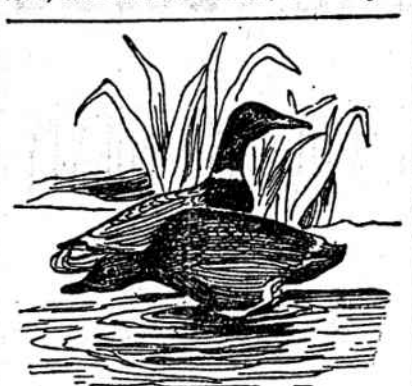


WOOD DUCK.

attached, and your success will likely lie more in knowing their couch than their table. Find the route of incoming and outgoing by being on hand early. Conceal yourself on this line by any blind you can find already at hand—at least dress inconspicuously and crouch low. Wading pants, allowing you to stoop to the arm-pits in the shallow edges, are ideal, if you can stand the two exes—exposure and expense.

Take a heavy, strong, shooting gun, all the powder you can stand behind, and the largest shot that your gun will carry well at forty yards, and reach out for anything you can see the color markings on. It is down wind and down grade, too, usually, remember—flight, sails and gravity combined—the speed about treble that of your usual shooting. Eight to ten feet ahead may not be too much sixty yards away. Calls may help when ducks are feeding, but are of little avail when they are going to roost. So, too, with decoys. Don't make the mistake of setting these with the wind, for ducks are apt to alight against them, and always feed with them in their faces.

This paper is written for the amateur, and all the sinkboat, swivel gun



MALLARDS.

and other professional methods of capture are omitted. Go out with an old hunter some time and learn of him—if he will let you.—James Newton Baskett.

A Simple Gown.

Here is a costume for the woman who still clings to the plain gown. It is just the dress to wear beneath a coat and does much towards bringing out the beauties of a well-rounded figure. The material is dark-blue habit cloth. The skirt is perfectly plain; as



it reaches the hem there is a glimpse of an ecrú cloth petticoat headed by a way design of gold braid. The tight-fitting bodice is cut to show a yoke and pointed vest of the ecrú cloth outlined with the gilt braid. The sleeve shows all trimming.

A new coat attracting much attention in an uptown shop is of dark brown cloth. It is made with a passermenterie yoke in varying shades of mauve and violet. This yoke is outlined with woven gilt braid. The sleeves are capped with an epaulet edged with the braid, and they have a most elaborate cuff of passermenterie and braid combined.—New York World.

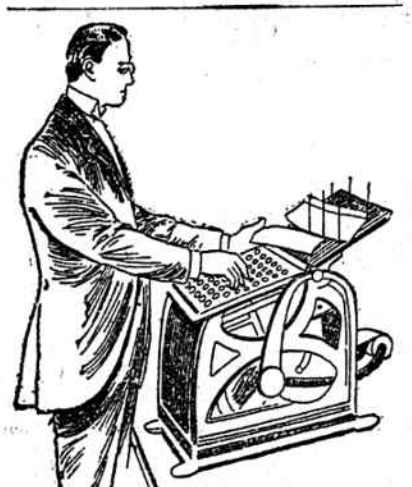
A Theorist Who Failed.

There recently died in New Jersey at the age of seventy-three a theorist who had spent all his fortune, which at one time was considerable, and all his life in a vain attempt to solve the problem of extracting the silver which lies in solution in the sea from the salt water which holds it. He lived down on the coast in a cottage which he built years ago and on every side he built various sluices, runways, washes and the various appliances with which he was experimenting. The interior of the cottage resembled the apartments of a medieval alchemist rather than that of a nineteenth century house by the sea. It was fitted with retorts, phials, crucibles, and in the corner was a diminutive furnace. Some years ago he was joined in his labors by a young woman about eighteen. She attended him up to the day of his burial, but since that time she has disappeared and no trace of her can be found. The cottage is dilapidated and no heirs have claimed it, nor has any paper been found to indicate the name or origin of its strange occupants.—Philadelphia Record.

An Iron Arithmetician.

A recent foreign letter told of the success in London of an American invention called the "Arithmometer." The Westminster Budget says of it:

In general appearance the machine is not at all unlike the typewriter, but its internal construction appears to be considerably more complex. Yet it is declared that it is almost impossible for it to get out of order. About twelve inches square, the upper surface consists, as is the case of the typewriter, of a sloping keyboard, composed of keys or buttons corresponding to the various numerals. By pressing down these any amount desired, from 41,000,000 to a penny, can be printed by means of types operating through an ink ribbon on the paper which is fixed on the back of the machine. Line after line of figures can be printed this way, pounds, shillings and pence falling into their proper places according as the respective keys are pressed down, and then at the end, in virtue of some mysterious mechanism which seems nothing less than miraculous to the uninitiated, you pull a lever and your sum is done. Each column of figures is correctly added up, giving, of course, the sum total of all the amounts, is printed in its proper place underneath.



THE MECHANICAL ARITHMETICIAN.

How the thing is done it is impossible to explain in detail, but the principle seems to be that in the case of each column of figures the machine keeps a record of the number of figures which have been printed or given out, so to speak, and is so able to announce at any given time the total which must be placed at the foot of each column. With one single column of figures this might not seem so very remarkable, but the marvelous point about the machine under notice is that, in addition to adding up correctly, it executes with unflinching precision that more or less delicate operation of carrying forward. Thus if the total of the pencil column amounts to, say, 65, it calmly records the odd 5d and carries forward the 6s, adding them without turning a hair (if one may use so disrespectful an expression) to the shilling column, and repeating the same thing, of course, with the shillings in their turn and with each column of the pounds. No wonder the machine took a lifetime to construct.

A Dancing Somnambulist.

A young lady at school became a somnambulist. She rose from bed and walked in her sleep. I was taken into consultation. I directed her night dress to be sewed up at the foot, so that it formed a large bag, and then I had the sleeves lengthened so much that each sleeve, after going around the body, reached the front, where it met the other sleeve and was securely fastened to it.

Our charge retired to bed in her new night dress. The usual hour for the night walk came. She raised herself in the sitting posture, then stood upright and commenced to walk. The second step was a trip, for the foot behind held the bottom of the bag in which she stood. She stumbled, fell forward and awoke, and was put back into bed, where she soon fell asleep. And now came a curious change in the phases of the afflicted. She would still rise from bed each night, but made no further attempt to walk as before. She would stand erect, and keep the knees perfectly rigid, spring straight upward from the floor and thus dance about the room. This she would continue until fatigued and then retire to bed to sleep. The case ended in a perfect cure.—Pearson's Weekly.

An Inmate of Thirty-two Prisons.

Vasily Vasilievich Berry, the latest addition to the Russian political refugees in London, is a remarkable man. He is sixty-four years old and twenty-six have been spent in exile and imprisonment. He has been inside no less than thirty-two prisons and yet has committed no act, humanity or civilization can regard as a crime. He was arrested in 1862 on suspicion of taking part in the propaganda of a revolutionary society and sent to Siberia, as "no proofs of his guilt" were forthcoming, to quote the terms of an official document referring to his case. He endured terrible privations with his young wife and child while in Asia. In 1870 he was allowed to return to Russia, but for writing a pamphlet advocating the abolition of class distinction and tyranny he was soon after exiled for another fourteen years.—Chicago Herald.

He Went to the Circus.

One day there was a circus in town and the elevator boy at the Atlanta Constitution, as he was carrying the late Henry W. Grady down, said: "Mr. Grady, I want to go to the show."
"Why don't you go, then?" asked the editor.
"Who'll run the elevator?" asked the boy.
"Stop it!" said Grady.

The boy took him at his word, proceeded to the bottom, locked the elevator, and editors, reporters, printers and everybody else climbed up and down six flights while the kid went to the show.—New York Journal.

Of the recruits in the British army 32,094 were last year raised in England, 3567 in Scotland, and 3869 in Ireland. One thousand three hundred and five of these young soldiers were under seventeen years of age.

WORDS OF WISDOM.

All sour grapes are not out of reach. Gossip is the sugar of old women's tea.

Judgment is forced upon us by experience. Who bravely dares must sometimes risk a fall!

They lose the world who buy it with much care. What is mind? No matter. What is matter? Never mind?

Vice is a sponge which sucks in honor and gives out tears. A man's own good breeding is the best security against other people's ill manners.

Humility is not necessarily a virtue. The violet would smell just as sweet on a tree.

The man who fears being taken at his true value is always on the alert for slights.

The old man who has forgotten that he ever was a boy is but a living tombstone to his buried youth.

When any calamity has been suffered the first thing to be remembered is, how much has been escaped.

The tears we shed for others are mellowed by inward congratulation; those shed for ourselves are brine.

A millstone and a human heart is driven ever round; if they have nothing else to grind, they must themselves be ground.

The circumstances of the world are so variable that an irrevocable purpose or opinion is almost synonymous with a foolish one.

No school is more necessary to children than patience, because either the will must be broken in childhood or the heart in old age.

People are always talking of perseverance and courage and fortitude, but patience is the finest and worthiest part of fortitude. Patience lies at the root of all pleasures as well as of all powers. Hope herself ceases to be happiness when impatience companions her.

At Close Quarters With a Leopard.

As a rule a man does not go out leopard shooting as he goes out snipe shooting or tiger shooting, says Longman's Magazine. Usually the news is brought by some excited and affrighted native that a leopard has entered his premises, and, after killing a child or a goat or a fowl, has hid himself in some shed or outhouse. On such an appeal it is usual to go out to try and kill the leopard. If a companion can be found, it is better for two men to go together than for one man to go alone with native followers. Almost the first case I remember to which we were called we found that the leopard was ensconced in a mat-and-thatch cowshed, of which the door had been closed on him.

We rather rashly opened the door in order to peep in. There was a rush and a scuffle as the leopard tore the door open wider and jumped out to escape. We were lucky in not being knocked down or even scratched. But the leopard did not get right away. It foolishly entered another shed, which was promptly closed on him and we had to begin again. My companion climbed on to the roof with his gun and an active native got up with him to tear open a hole in the thatch of the roof. I stood on the ground with a clear space before me in case the leopard should turn out in my direction.

The eager crowd of natives, who had come, regardless of danger, was induced to retire to a distance, while the most nimble of them climbed up into trees or onto the roofs of the adjacent huts. It takes longer to write this than to give an idea of what actually happened. The native who was tearing a hole in the thatch of the shed had rashly tried to look in to see where the leopard was. In a moment the leopard sprang at him, and its head appeared through the thatch. My companion put his gun to the beast's head and sent a bullet through its brain, so that it dropped dead into the hut. But there were loud cries from the native on the roof, for the leopard's skull, had grazed the man's body, so that he was bleeding profusely and crying out that he was killed. He was quickly brought down from the roof of the shed, and his wound was washed and found to be little more than skin deep. A present of a few rupees soon comforted him, and he became, not undeservedly, the hero of the day among his fellow villagers. The carcass of the leopard was swung from a bamboo and brought to our house, and the skin became the property of my companion.

Trading Posts in the Far Northwest.

The trading posts of the company are strange, quaint looking places, built according to a general type. A trading post is invariably square enclosed by immense trees or pickets, one end sunk deep in the ground and placed close together; a platform about the height of an ordinary man is carried along the sides of the square, so as to enable anyone on the inside to peep over without being in danger from arrow or bullet. The entrance is closed by two massive gates, an inner and outer, and all the houses of the chief traders and employees, the trading house, furroom and stores are within the square.

The trade room is cleverly contrived so as to prevent a sudden rush of Indians, the approach from outside the pickets being through a narrow passage, only of sufficient width to admit one Indian at a time, and bent at an acute angle near the window where the trader stands. If the passage were straight the trader could easily be shot. At the four angles are bastions, octagonal in shape, pierced with embrasures, to lend the Indians to believe in the existence of cannon.—Chicago Times.

Miles of Apple Trees.

In the Sandwich Islands the apple has become wild and forests of tree of many acres are found in various parts of the country. They extend from the level of the sea far up into the mountain sides. It is said that miles of these apple forests can occasionally be seen. One traveler gives the extent of one of them as between five and ten miles in width and about twenty miles long.

Bartering for Furs.

The system of trading at all the posts of the Hudson Bay Company is entirely one of barter. The standard of value throughout all the territories of the company is still—as for centuries past—the skin of the beaver, by which the price of all other furs is regulated. Any service rendered by the Indian is paid for in skins, the beaver skin being the unit of computation. To explain this system, let it be assumed that four beavers are equivalent in value to a silver fox skin, two martens to a beaver, twenty muskrats to a marten, and so on. An Indian wishing to purchase a blanket or gun from the company would give three silver foxes or twenty beaver skins, or 200 muskrats, or other furs, according to their proper relative positions of worth in the tariff.

For a very evident reason the trapper price paid for furs is not fixed in strict accordance with their intrinsic value; if this were so all the valuable fur-bearing animals would soon become extinct, as no Indian would bother to trap a cheap fur while a high-priced one remained untrapped. He may possibly have to pay five silver fox skins for blankets worth about \$15, the value of the skins paid representing \$200, still he can if he chooses buy the same article by paying for it in muskrat, yellow fox, or other furs of inferior worth.—Chicago Times.

Power.

The recent record breaking performances of ocean-going steamships have been done on American coal from Pocahontas, Va.

It would take 720,000 rowers, working at their oars in eight-hour shifts, to develop as much power as the steamship Lucania's engines.

The first electric railroad for coal carrying purposes has just been completed from Buck Mountain to Eckley, Penn.

The initial installation of the Niagara electric power arrangements provides for 15,000 horse power. More can be obtained almost beyond limit.

The Tivoli waterfall, which provides light and power for transmission to the Rome of the dead Caesars, furnishes as yet only 2600 horse power.—New York Recorder.

STATE OF OHIO, CITY OF TOLEDO, ss.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is the senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Witness my hand and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1898.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, etc.

FOR BRONCHIAL, ASTHMATIC AND PULMONARY COMPLAINTS. "Brown's Bronchial Troch" has remarkable curative properties. Sold only in boxes.

Dr. Hoxie's Certain Croup Cure. Removes inflammation from throat and lungs. No remedy so good for croup. 50 cents a box. Hoxie, Buffalo, N. Y., M.T.

Beecham's Pills are better than mineral waters. Beecham's—no others. 25 cents a box.

Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup will cure that cough surprisingly quick. 25 cents.



KNOWLEDGE

Brings comfort and improvement and tends to personal enjoyment when rightly used. The many who live better than others and enjoy life more, with less expenditure, by more promptly adapting the world's best products to the needs of physical being, will attest the value to health of the pure liquid laxative principles embraced in the remedy, Syrup of Figs.

Its excellence is due to its presenting in the form most acceptable and pleasant to the taste, the refreshing and truly beneficial properties of a perfect laxative; effectually cleansing the system, dispelling colds, headaches and fevers and permanently curing constipation. It has given satisfaction to millions and met with the approval of the medical profession, because it acts on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels without weakening them and it is perfectly free from every objectionable substance.

Syrup of Figs is for sale by all druggists in 50c and \$1 bottles, but it is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only, whose name is printed on every package, also the name, Syrup of Figs, and being well informed, you will not accept any substitute if offered.



COLCHESTER SPADING BOOTS

ARE THE BEST.

Especially for Farmers, Miners, R. R. Hands and others. Double sole extra-stitching down to the heel. EXTRA WEARING QUALITY. Thousands of Rubber Boot wearers testify this is the BEST they ever had. ASK YOUR DEALER FOR THEM and don't be persuaded into an inferior article.

"Good Wives Grow Fair in the Light of Their Works," Especially if They Use

SAPOLIO

Don't Forget it is

Royal

BAKING POWDER

that makes the delicious biscuit, griddle cake and doughnut.

Bengal Peasant Proverbs.

The wisdom of the Bengal peasant cultivators finds expression in proverbs, of which a collection has been made by a Babu in the Agricultural Department of that province. His appreciation of the outwardly revered Brahmin betrays itself incidentally in the maxim, "Rain and inundation disappear when south winds blow, like the Brahmin as soon as he has received his fee."

Other Bengal rural aphorisms are: "Have the land which receives the washings of the village, and the bullock which walks fast, and marry the girl whose mother is good." "He who works in the field himself with the laborers gets the full profit; he who, being unable to work himself, superintends the workings of the laborers, gets half the profit; he who orders the laborers from his house does not get enough to eat."—London News.

"August Flower"

Eight doctors treated me for Heart Disease and one for Rheumatism, but did me no good. I could not speak aloud. Everything that I took into the stomach distressed me. I could not sleep. I had taken all kinds of medicines. Through a neighbor I got one of your books. I procured a bottle of Green's August Flower and took it. I am to-day stout, hearty and strong and enjoy the best of health. August Flower saved my life and gave me my health. Mrs. Sarah J. Cox. Defiance, O.

57 N. E. 47

RISING SUN STOVE POLISH

Do Not Be Deceived with rates, enamel and paint which stain the stove. The Rising Sun Stove Polish is Brilliant, Odorless, and does not leave a film. It is the best for all stoves and ranges. Price 25 cents per box. Sold by all druggists.

THE HOME SAFETY RAZOR

EVERY MAN

HIS OWN BARBER

Even if you never shaved before it is absolutely impossible to cut the hair. It is specially adapted to the young, just beginning to shave, to the old, with trembling hands, to those who have very tender faces, and to all who consider their time of value, as they can shave with ease, comfort and safety in five minutes or less.

Every "Home Safety Razor" is honed and set ready for use, and fully warranted in every respect. If your hair is shaven does not keep them, we will mail you one upon receipt of \$2.00.

A liberal discount offered to any responsible party who will place the agency for their town.

Send for circulars and price list.

THE HOME SAFETY RAZOR is an elegant and useful present for the holidays.

SEIBEL & HURST, SOLE OWNERS, 122 Chambers Street, New York City.

AN IDEAL FAMILY MEDICINE

For Indigestion, Bile, Headache, Constipation, Bad Complexion, Offensive Breath, and all disorders of the Stomach, Liver and Bowels.

It is a powerful purgative, but its action is so gentle and its effects so pleasant that it is a family medicine in the true sense of the word. It is sold by all druggists and is guaranteed to be the best.

Price 25 cents per bottle. Sold by all druggists.

WATSON'S CHEMICAL CO., New York.

THE WORST MECHANICAL RUPTURE

Successful in 100,000 cases. Send for book. L. B. SEKLEY & CO., 25 So. 11th St., Philadelphia.

PENSION JOHN W. THOMAS

Successfully Prospects Claims. Late Principal Examiner at Pension Bureau.

Write me now, if adjusting claims, stay alone.

PISO'S CURE FOR

GOUT WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. Best Cough Syrup, Traces Good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION